



*A Description of the
Calve's Head Club*

The Secret
HISTORY
OF THE
Calves-Head Club, Compleat:
OR, THE
Republican Unmask'd.

Wherein is fully shewn,
The *Religion* of the *Calves-Head* Heroes, in their
Anniversary Thanksgiving-Songs on the Thirtieth
of *January*, by them called *ANTHEMS*, for the
Year 1693, 1694, 1695, 1696, 1697, 1698, 1699, &c.
With Reflections thereupon. Now published to de-
monstrate the restless, implacable Spirit of a certain
Party still among us, who are never to be satisfy'd,
'till the present Establishment in Church and State,
is subverted.

*The Sixth Edition, with large Improvements; and a
Description of the Calves-Head-Club, curiously engrav'd
on a Copper Plate.*

To which is annex'd,
A Vindication of the Royal MARTYR,
King CHARLES the First.
Wherein are laid open,
The *Republicans* Mysteries of Rebellion.

*Written in the Time of the Usurpation, by the Celebrated
Mr. Butler, Author of Hudibras.*

WITH A
CHARACTER of a *Presbyterian*, written by Sir John
Denham, Knight.
And the Character of a *Modern Whig*; or, The
Republican in Fashion.

LONDON, Printed; and sold by B. Bragge, at the
Raven in *Pater-Noster-Row*, against *Ivy-Lane*. 1707.

To the Grave and Worshipful

(48

JOHN TUTCHIN Esq;

OBSERVATOR,

AND

Censor Morum general:

Supervisor of the Admiralty, Victu-
alling-Office, Playhouse, *Bartholo-*
mew-Fair, Bear-garden, Defender
of Parliaments and Protestant
March Beer, &c.

May it please your Worship,

YOU see I address my self to you
in the submissive and dutiful Lan-
guage of your own *Conntry-*
man.

There ought to be somewhat of *Proprie-*
ty between the *Present* made, and the *Person*
for whom 'tis intended: Now the *Olivers*,

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the *Iritons*, the *Hemfons*, and the generality of that Cursed Crue, are (Thanks be to the Heavens) some years since dead and rotten, and only surviving in the black *Annals of Rebellion*, or the blacker Memo-ries and Principles of their accursed Disci-ples ; I was at first hesitating whether this *Piece* might not be suitably address'd to our Reverend and never-to-be-forgotten the *Salamanca Doctor* : But my serious Cogitations were interrupted by *News, News, great and wondrous News, London Gazette, Postman, Dayly Courant and Observer*. In the humble retirement of a solitary and distant Village, any thing goes on with us ; but the word *Observer* surpriz'd me to the last Degree. Sir Roger, I knew, had lay'd down the Cudgels long ago, and what Genius cou'd or durst undertake it now, after Dr. *Wellwood's* doing Penance at the Bar of the *House*, was my Amazement: I did you the *Justice* Sir, that was due to your Paper ; that is, in one Word, I per-us'd it and despis'd it, but did not repent my Purchase ; for it gave me a great insight into the Tempers of some People, who under the Cloak of *Reformation*, find fault with every Man, Women, and Child that is not of their *Party*, and would flyly insinuate to the World, that every uncom-

mon

mon *Disposition* of the Heavens, is a *Male-diction* and Judgment upon the Land, because the best regulated *Communion* in the Universe, will not betray its *Rights*, and be partakers of their *Hypocrisie*. These are those Pious Creatures that make a wry Face at a Poppit Show, yet can Justify cutting of Throats; that think a *Play House* profane, and vindicate *Regicides*; that are for introducing new *Methods* in sinning, and by a piece of ill Husbandry, must needs make two Vices one, and tack their Hypocrisy to their other Iniquities: Such *Impositions* are intollerable, and the more so, because the *Obstinacy* of these, *Wou'd be Saints*, is invincible.

We cannot but remark how the Leaven of the *Pharisees* has spread its *Contagion* through all your *Papers*! With what *Two handed*, as well as *Two edg'd Weapons* you make your Attacks! how you take as many opportunities of abusing your *Gracious* and *Lawful Sovereign* as praising Her! Your nauseous unhallowed Incense is more unsufferable, than that pretended Folly and Weakness you so continually bespatter her *Ministers* with. If you continue to give your self such *Airs*, you may in some time come to an unhappy awe, tho' *Very* merited *Dilemma*, and find your self at last reduc'd to

the *Infamous* necessity of *Petitioning* to be *Hang'd*. We are not without a living Instance of one in such Circumstances; and who found his *Villanies* so detestable, that to make him carry the Weight of them still about him, even such a *Request* was deny'd.

If your busy Patrons the *Reformers* wou'd begin at home, we shou'd less suspect their Practices. Religion has been the continual Plea for all sorts of Parties, and Factions, and not only in the careless Ages, but even now, Godliness a great Gain to some sort of Folks. Now the abovemention'd *Grimaces*, do but make a mock War against the Devil, and employ their mercenary *Emisaries* to sin with Strangers, that they may more slyly betray them afterwards; so that you first *Pervert*, and then as unreasonably *Punish*. Now, wou'd you advise your Country man to drubb the Jackets of these Fellows with his Oaken Cudgel, it wou'd not be amiss.

Several *Abuses* you have deservedly taken Notice of; you see I am for giving the Devil his due; and have so far been serviceable to the *Government*, as it was highly necessary such *Irregularities* in Publick Offices shou'd be known, in order to bring the *Delinquents* to condign Punishment. Hitherto your Pen shall meet with all possible
Acknow-

Acknowledgment; but where *Deformation* is only intended, tho' *Reformation* is the Word, no honest man will approve of the Management.

Publickly to make Shew of *Zeal* and *Piety*, and what not, a grave *Cant* of florid Words, tho' it amuses the unthinking, yet we alas see through the *Varnish*, and find all is not Gold that glisters: For to encourage, nay, even to connive at a *Calves-Head-Clubb*, runs so much counter to such fair Pretences, that they are as irreconcilable as Light and Darkness; this Publick Scandal to *Morality* and *Monarchy*, shews so inveterate and implacable an Aversion to *Crown'd Heads*, that cannot but give us as just an *Odium* for them that celebrate it, as these horrid Villains that perpetrated it.

Here your Pen had met with a suitable Topic for your Satyr and Indignation; and as you are very well acquainted with their Practises, so your continued Silence upon that *Execrable* Theme, does more than convince us that you approve of it, and are *Secretary* to the Abominable Society of *King-killers*. What confirms us in this Opinion, your Worship some Years ago wrote a Copy of Verses upon the Burning *White-hall*, wherein you were pleased to observe the great Justice of Providence in the sufferin

fering the lude and sinful Part of that *Palace* where K. C. the II. enjoy'd his Concubines, to be burnt down to the Ground, but reserv'd that Noble Pile, Anglice the *Banqueting House*, from whence an Arbitrary Tyrant, meaning K. C. the I. was led to the Block to be a perpetual Spectacle to all Ages. On this Account, it was thought convenient to dedicate this *Piece* to you, that if it were possible you cou'd be ignorant of it, you might have no further an Excuse for not informing your *Country-man* of such inhumane and diabolical Practices; and in that you will shew *Your Queen* how great and just a Veneration you have for Her in the Care you take of vindicating Her *Angust*, tho' unhappy *Grand Father's* Ashes.

I am

Your Worships Humble Admirer

as far as you deserve,

William Philanax.

T H E
P R E F A C E.

THE following Collection has been so industriously handed up and down, where it was thought it would be well received, and confirm those Principles which too many have unhappily sucked in, and raise the Confidence of those who were thought too bashful for their Party, that some honest Men have thought that there could be no more Effectual Remedy for the Mischief it might do, or any surer Way to stop the Career, than a Publication. For tho' many may presume, that under the disguise of Mirth, and
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the Protection of a free Conversation, they might safely venture to make an Experiment how far the Poison wou'd work upon the Undiscerning of untry'd Constitutions, especially when Rhime and Musick were the Vehicles, and *Under the Rose* was the Word ; yet it is believed, when the Malignity of the Draught is Publickly discover'd, few will venture upon it without a sufficient Antidote ; and fewer have the Hardiness to Administer it.

These Lines (for such Ribbaldry and Trash deserve not the Name of Poems) were compos'd and set to Musick for the Use of the Calves-Head Clubb, which was erected by an Impudent Set of People, who have their Feast of Calves-Heads in several Parts of the Town, on the 30th of *January*, in Derision of the Day, and Defiance of Monarchy ; at divers of which Meetings, the following
Compo-

Compositions were sung, and in Affront to the Church call'd *Anthems*. These which are here publish'd, are said to have been Written by Mr. *Benj. Bridgewater*, and that he was largely rewarded by the Members of the Club for his Pains. Whether Mr. *Stevens* was so well gratify'd for his Sermons to the same Tune, and on the same Days, is more than the Publisher dares say, but perhaps the Pulpit was a Barr to his Pretentions, and the Poet had been better rewarded than the Preacher, had his Sermons been put in to Rhime,

However, it is hoped, that this Publication may give a Check to the Evil of the Example, and destroy the Continuance of the Practice, or at least give fair Warning, and take away the Pretence of Surprize from those who shall proceed to insult the Government in so Saucy and so Villainous a Manner.

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But whatever the Success may be, the Publisher doubts not but his Intentions are justify'd, and wishes the Effect may demonstrate the Reasonableness of them, by putting an End to so Unchristian and Scandalous a Practice.

THE

THE
SECRET HISTORY
OF THE
Calves-Head Clubb.

When Erected, and where Kept, &c.

TIS a prodigious thing to consider, (and for the Honour of my Native Country, I wish I cou'd say it was a false imputation upon her) that the *execrable Regicides* of King *Charles* the First, shou'd find any Advocates or Abettors still among us.

I say 'tis prodigious, that after the whole Nation, by their *Representatives* in *Parliament* Assembled, has Enacted so solemn a detestation of this natural Parricide, and appointed a Day of Humiliation for it, to continue to all Ages of the World, there should be such a set of *Boutefews* yet remaining, so impudently audacious, as to justify

a Crime for which the Three Kingdoms have smarted so severely ; and in their Wicked Merriment, to act over, as much as in them lies, that Tragical Scene, which has justly made us famous in the Remotest Corners of the Universe.

Was it not enough that a Powerful Prince, allied to most of the Crown'd Heads in Christendom, was despoil'd of that just Authority, wherewith the Laws of God and Man had invested him, and lastly of his Life ; but that he must be most barbarously persecuted after his Death, and suffer those indignities in his Memory when Dead, which he had so plentifully suffer'd in his Person when Living ?

There is a time when the most implacable Malice is satiated, and exerts it self no longer. The most Savage Nations seldom or never carried their resentments beyond the Grave ; and thought it a piece of Barbarous Cowardise, to insult upon the Ashes that cou'd not speak for themselves.

But the Royal Martyr has been Treated, if 'tis possible, with more Inhumanity after his Desolation, than he was expos'd to when under the Power of his Rebellious Subjects. He has not only been stigmatiz'd by the Odious Name of Tyrant, who, was in truth, the best and most Merciful Father of his

his *Country*, and loaded with a Thousand Calumnies ; but, what shews the restless Malice of his Adversaries, even that incomparable *Book of Devotion*, Compos'd by him in his solitude and the time of his deepest Afflictions, and which no Pen but his one cou'd have Written, has been adjudged from him by a * late *Mercenary Author* ; although 'tis certain, to any Man at least that can distinguish Stiles, that the Person, to whom the *Republicans* ascribe it, was no more capable of writing so excellent a Piece, than the aforesaid Compiler of *Milton's Life*, of Writing an Orthodox System of the *Mysteries of Christianity*.

Thus, as he was Torn from his *Queen* and *Children* in his *Life*, he was Robb'd, as far as it lay in the Power of his Malicious Enemies, even of the legitimate issue of his Brain : Tho' as Truth, but especially Truth injuriously oppress'd, never wants some Generous Hands to defend its Cause ; so all the Arguments that have been used by the *Republicans*, to prove it a spurious piece, have been fully answer'd by a worthy † *Divine* now Living, beyond all possibility of a Reply.

* See Toland's *Life of Milton*.

† Dr. WAGSTAFF.

The Barbarity of his Enemies stopt not here ; for not content to have *Assassinated* his *Person* and *Reputation*, they even dispossessed him of his *Sepulcher* (a piece of Cruelty, which none but such thorow pa'cd Villains ever executed) for when the long † *Parliament* had voted an *Honourable* Interment for their late *Prince*, who had suffer'd so unjustly, all was stopt, by reason that the Persons order'd to regulate the Ceremony, when they came to examine the Royal Coffin, found the Body missing.

This puts me in mind of what a worthy Gentleman, who Travell'd with my Lord A — into *Italy*, told me some Years ago, viz. that during his short stay at *Bearn* in *Switzerland*, a Syndic of the Town, who used frequently to visit Major General Ludlow, when he Lived in those *Parts*, assured him, that he had often heard Ludlow, in a vaunting manner, affirm, That tho' *Ireton* and *Cromwell* were buried under *Tyburn*, yet 'twas a Comfort to him, that the *Royal Martyr* kept them company ; for, says he, foreseeing that his Son wou'd undoubtedly come in, we took care that his *Father's Body* should not be Idolatrously Worshipped by

† See Dr. NALSON'S *Preface to the King's Tryal.*

the *Cavaliers* ; and therefore privately remov'd it to the place of Common Execution.

Whether the Matter of Fact , as *Ludlow* related it, be true or false, 'tis not material here to enquire, tho' I think nothing can give any Honest Man a juster and greater Aversion to the Libertines of that Party , than to observe that their Malice has no Bounds, and that it neither spares the Dead nor the Living.

But of all the Indignities offer'd to the *Manes* of this injur'd *Prince* , nothing in my Opinion comes up to the Inhumanity and Prophaness of the *Calves-Head Clubb*.

For my part, I was of Opinion at First, That the Story was purely contriv'd on purpose to render the *Republicans* more Odious than they deserv'd ; for I cou'd not imagine how any Men that pretended to be *Christians*, or call'd themselves *Englishmen*, cou'd calmly and sedately Applaud an Action, Condemn'd not only by the Word of GOD, but by the Laws of the Land, to which they pretend to pay so great a Deference.

As for the *Regicides*, who were actually concern'd in this *excrable Tragedy*, this may be said however in Favour of them (if I may be allow'd so to express my self towards Criminals of that Magnitude) that having
gone

gone so far in their Wickedness, and given His Majesty such insupportable Provocations, and, what is more, Measuring his Clemency by their own, they concluded he could never forgive them; and therefore like *Cataline*, found themselves under the Necessity of committing greater Crimes, in order to cover themselves from what was past.

But what can be offer'd to extenuate the Crime of these *Atheistical Miscreants*, who make That a Matter of their Lude Mirth, which the whole Nation has, in the most Solemn Manner, ever since Lamented; and over their Cups applauded the most Wicked Action which the Sun ever beheld?

For this Reason my good Nature made me look upon it as a Fiction upon the Party, till happening in the late *Reign*, to be in the Company of a certain *Active Whigg*, who in all other Respects, was a Man of probity enough; he assured me, that to his Knowledge 'twas true; that he knew most of the *Members* of that *Clubb*; and that he had been often invited to their *Meetings*, but that he had always avoided them: Adding, that according to the Principles he was bred up in, he wou'd have made no scruple to have met *Charles the First*, in the Field, and oppos'd him to the utmost of his Power;
but

but that since he was *Dead*, he had no further *Quarrel* to him, and looked upon it as a Cowardly piece of Villany, below any *Man of Honour*, to insult upon the Memory of a Prince, who had suffer'd enough in his Life Time.

He farther told me, that *Milton*, and some other Creatures of the Commonwealth, had instituted this *Clubb*, as he was inform'd, in Opposition to Bp. *Fuxon*, Dr. *Sanderson*, Dr. *Hammond*, and other *Divines* of the Church of *England*, who met privately every 30thth of *January*; and, though it was under the Time of the *Usurpation*, had compil'd a private Form of Service for the Day, not much different from what we now find in the *Liturg*y.

That after the Restauration, the Eyes of the Government being upon the whole Party, they were obliged to meet with a great deal of Precaution; but now, says he, (and this was the Second Year of King *William's* Reign) they meet almost in a Publick Manner, and apprehend nothing.

By another Gentleman, who, about Eight Years ago, went out of Curiosity to see their *Clubb*, and has since furnish'd me with the following Papers; I was inform'd, that it was kept in no fix'd House, but that they remov'd, as they saw convenient;

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that

that the place they met in, when he was with 'em, was in a blind Alley, about *Moorfields*, where an *Ax* hung up in the Clubb-Room, and was revered, as a Principal Symbol in this *Diabolical Sacrament*. Their Bill of Fare, was a large Dish of *Calves-Heads* dressed several ways; a large *Pike* with a small one in his Mouth, as an Emblem of *Tryanny*; a large *Cods-head*, by which they pretended to represent the Person of the *King* singly, as by the *Calves-head* before, they had done him, together with all them that had suffer'd in his Cause; a *Boars-head* with an *Apple* in its Mouth, to represent the *King* by this as Bestial, as by the others they had done *Foolish* and *Tyrannical*. After the Repast was over, one of their Elders presented an *Eikon Basilike*, which was with great solemnity Burn'd up on the Table, whilst the *Anthems* were Singing. After this, another produc'd *Milton's Defensio Populi Anglicani*, upon which all lay'd their Hands, and made a Protestation in form of an Oath, for ever to stand by, and maintain; the Company wholly consisted of *Independants* and *Anabaptists* (I am glad for the Honour of the *Presbyterians* to set down this Remark) That the Famous *Jerry White*, formerly Chaplain to *Oliver Cromwell*, who no doubt on't, came

came to sanctify with his *Pious Exhortations*, the *Rebaldry* of the Day, said Grace; that after the *Table-Cloath* was removed, the *Anniversary Anthem*, as they impiously call'd it, was sung, and a *Calves-Skull* fill'd with Wine or other Liquor, and then a Brimmer went about to the *Pious Memory* of those worthy *Patriots* that had Kill'd the *Tyrant*, and deliver'd their Country from his *Arbitrary Sway*; and lastly, a Collection made for the *Mercenary Scribler*, to which every Man contributed according to his Zeal for the Cause, and Ability of his Purse.

I have taken care to set down what the Gentleman told me, as faithfully as my Memory wou'd give me leave; and I am persuaded, that some Persons that frequent the *Black Boy* in *Newgate Street*, as they knew the Author of the following Lines, so they know this account of the *Calves-Head Clubb* to be true.

Now I will appeal to any unprejudiced *Englishman*, whether such *Shameful Assemblies* ought not to be suppress'd with the utmost Diligence.

Let us consider them either in Relation to the *Christian Religion* we profess, or to common *Humanity* and good *Manners*, or lastly, to the *Laws of the Land*, and they affront all equally.

Therefore I hope the *Magestrates* and others whom it concerns, will take Care, especially now since they have the Countenance of the Government, to prohibit, as far as in them lies, and detect these Wicked Meetings, that the Persons there Assembling, may be punish'd as they deserve.

Tho' no Man abominates Persecution more than my self, yet I will venture to say, that a Set of People, who wish the Subversion of our *Ecclesiastical* and *Civil* Establishment (as appears by the following Papers) ought to expect no Quarter from our Hands.

THE
 CHARACTER
 OF A

Calves-Head Clubbman.

HE is the spawn of a Regicide, Hammer'd out of a Rank *Anabaptist* Hypocrite; his Father was enabled to beget him by the Fat of Sequestred Lands, upon a Bed stoln from an Honest Cavalier. His Villainous Principles he imbib'd in his Mothers Womb, Nourish'd them, when Born with her infectious Milk, and is an incorrigible Rebel by instinct of Nature; improv'd into an Incarnate Devil by the early infusions of his Nurse, which were Ripen'd to Maturity by a Malicious Education. He is harden'd in
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his Hatred to Kings and Bishops , beyond the influence of Grace, or Check of Conscience ; and thinks nothing can be a more Meritorious Act, than to Sacrifice either to the Fury of a Mad Rabble , who when they have but Liberty and Property in their Mouths, always let loose the Devil in their Hearts, and believe the very Name of the Protestant Religion gives a Sanction to their Villanies. He is a Republican Monster, so full of passion and prejudice , that he is Blind to all Truth , and Deaf to all Reason ; and is so Curstly Obstinate in the Justification of his own Errours, that it is as easie a matter for a Man to take an Elephant by the Snout, and throw him over his Back as a Fox does a Goose, as it is to convince him of any started opposition to his own partial Sentiments. When he talks about Religion or Government, it is generally with as much violence as a Fishwoman Scolds ; and the Wise-men of *Gotham* might as well have hedg'd in their *Cuckow* , as a Man confine him within the bounds of Good Manners, when he disputes his Principles. He is as Hot as Pepper, as Biting as Mustard, and as tower as Vinegar. He always talks as impudently of Great Men, as if they were his Fellows ; and Snuffs up his Nose at the Name of a King, as if the very Title it self was

was grown offensive to his Nostrils. He cannot speak with respect towards our Government; but a Commonwealth; and if you do but say one Word in the behalf of the Court or its Favourites, in his Company, he would with more patience hear you speak twice as much in the praise of the Devil; for it is of Maxim amongst such Rebels, (*viz.*) that all King's are Tyrants, and their Favourites Betrayers of their Country. His chiefest Recreation is to invent false Calumnies; and his greatest industry is to spread them when he has done. His lies are always level'd at those worthy Persons who are most difficult to be hit; which is one great reason, why his Malice is so often disappointed. He always accuses his Enemies of his own Evils, and measures out their Corn by the dicretful Bushel that belongs to his own party. The most daring Hypocrite of his Associates is always Cry'd up as the greatest Saint; and the most Virtuous and Pious Enemy to their Wicked Principles, is always Cry'd down as a High-flyer, a *Papist*, and a Traytor to his Country. He is an impatient Angler, who thinks it best Fishing in troubled Waters; and hates Peace and Quietness, as much as a poor Debter does the sight of Bayliff, or a Country Farmer a Wet Harvest. He is so deeply affected

fect'd with the Memory of his Ancestors Villany, that he longs for nothing more than the like opportunity of Brewing his own Hands in Royal Punch, that the Son might have the satisfaction of being full as Wicked as his Father. He has more wild Wrinkles in his Head relating to Government, than a Crack Braind Mathematician has concerning Perpetual Motion; and has more Ambition in his Breast, than the most extravagant Tyrant in the Universe. He is very fearful of being made a Slave, but is very desirous of being a Slave-maker; for when ever he cryes out for Liberty, he is endeavouring to destroy it; and never thinks himself a compleat Freeman, till the Nation that he Lives in, has no Religion to guide him, no Law to punish him, and no Prince to Govern him; for his chief aim is to pull down all, when the madness of the Common People gives him a fair opportunity. In all conditions, he is as restless as a froward Infant whilst Breeding of his Teeth, will please no Government, and with no Government be pleas'd. He is as Tempestious as the Ocean, that swells into a Rage with every Gale that happens, and seldom reconciles himself to a Calm, till like that, he has been the occasion of some remarkable mischief. He is one that is very swift to
Revenge,

Revenge, but very slow to Gratitude ; and like and ill Temper'd Jade, loves to run forward when he is check'd, and to hang an Arie when he is driven. When Angry, he looks as fullen and as gloomy as a Thunder Cloud, and like that, makes a wonderful deal of Noise, whenever he spits his Venom. He is never better pleas'd than when he has got it in his power to oppress others, which he certainly makes use of without Mercy; yet no body bears the slightest sufferings with so much Envy and Impatience as himself, though he knows in his own Conscience, he has justly deserv'd his Punishment. He is a harsh Man to his Inferiours, and a Haughty Man to his Betters, a severe Tyrant in Authority, and a Turbulent Incendiary amongst Magistrates when he is out of it. The more his miscarriages are conniv'd at, the more impudent he grows; And the more Mercy you shew him, the less he will show you. He is of the nature of a Nettle, the more gently you handle him, the more apt he is to hurt you; but if ever you meddle with him, the best way to secure your self, is to gripe him hard. He is one that hates all Men, but such who are as Wicked as himself; and loves nothing so well in this World as a Calves-Head upon
E the

the Thirtieth of *January* ; but the next time that he sits down to one , in derision of the sufferings of the Royal Martyr , I Heartily wish that the Devil may Choak him. *Amen.*

Anni-

Anniversary Anthem, 1693.

1

ONce more my Muse, resume thy chearful
(Lire,

Let this Days Acts Eternal Thoughts inspire :

Let every smiling Glas with Mirth be Crown'd,

While Healths to *Englands* Native Rights go
(round.

☞ One *such another* Day as this alone,

Wou'd fully for a Nations Sin attone.

'Tis a sure Symtom that the People's blest,

When once a Haughty Tyrant's dispossest.

Chor. Apollo's pleas'd, and all the Tuneful Nine
Rejoice, and in the Solemn Chorus joyn.

2

Again my Muse, immortal *Brutus* sing,

Whose daring Sword expell'd a Tyrant King :

Then bravely fought, and bravely overcame,

To give *Rome* Freedom and Eternal Fame.

E 2

Such

When once the lurking Poyson is descry'd,
His Juggling Tricks are all in vain apply'd.
In vain he Whines, in vain he Cants and Prays,
There's not a Man believes one word he says:
* 'Tis true, Religion is the Grand pretence;
But Power and Wealth's the Mythologick fence.

Chor. Apollo's pleas'd, &c.

5

Then fill the longing Glas with spritely Wine,
Our Cause is Justice, and the Health's Divine.
The Heroes Smile, and our delights approve,
Which adds new Joys to those they find above:
'Twas so they Honour, so they Conquest fought;
Thus fairly Drank, and then as fairly Fought.
They love to see us thus our Homage pay,
And bless the just occasion of the Day.

Chor. Apollo's pleas'd, &c.

* These two Lines are almost verbatim stolen of a Copy of
Verses in the State Poems, Vol. 1.

*Anniversary * Anthem, 1694.*

1.

THE Storm is blown over, the Tempast is
(past,

The Tyrant is fallen, and is Conquer'd at last.

Our Fathers resolv'd it, and bravely 'twas done,

To save the whole Kingdom by Lopping the
(Crown,

By her looks we discover'd the Nation was pleas'd,

Her Fears were all vanish'd, her Troubles were
(eas'd.

☞ Whilst we Yearly commend an *Attempt to Di-*
(vine,

And applaud the just Action with Calves-Head
(and Wine.

Chorus.

2

Thus *Rome* when She suffer'd by Seven * lude
(Kings,

That Shacled Her Freedom, and Pinion'd Her
(Wings,

* *This seems to be a Parodie of a Song in the Innocent Adultery, call'd the Danger is over. * Our Author was an admirable Historian, I find. This Epithes of Lude, can fit none of 'em but Tarquin; but all Kings are alike Criminal; i. e. they are Kings.*

That

Long Time she fet mournful, as *England* had done,
 And bow'd to the Weight of a Tyranous Throne ;
 Till urg'd with new Griefs, she for *Liberty* cry'd,
 And *Liberty* Round the glad Eccho reply'd ;
 Whilst *Brutus* resolv'd to give *Tarquin* his Doom,
 And offer a King to the Welfare of *Rome*.

Chorus.

When by Tyrants endeavours the People are
 (prest,
 Let this Noble Example inspire every Breast
 With the same Resolutions to defend the Good
 (Cause,
 The Subjects Just Rights, their Religion and
 (Laws
 Then fill the Calves Cranium to a Health so Di-
 (vine,
 The Cause, the Old Cause shall ennoble our Wine ;
 Charge briskly around, fill it up, fill it full,
 'Tis the Last and Best Service of a Tyrannick
 (Scull.
 Then

4.

Then Boys let's drink a Bumper, since their
(Actions made us great,

Let us lay our Trophies at their Feet :

The cause gave Courage to the Soldiers, taught
(them how their Foes to beat,

That alone cou'd free a Captiv'd State.

5.

Then to Puffs Boys, to Puffs Boys,
Let's drink it off thus Boys,
As our Fathers did, and the World shall us adore;
It's happier to dye Boys,
Then in Slavery to lye Boys ;
Thus the Heroes chose it, and bravely dy'd before.

Anniversary

Anniversary Anthem, 1695.

1.

WHat the Devil means all this pother
On this Day more then another ?

See ! the Sot to Church reels out,
See ! the Leacher leaves his Whore ;
The Rogues, that never pray'd before,
Are grown most plaguily Devout.

2.

Prethee Parson, why those Faces,
Pious Frowns and Dam'd Gramaces !
Why so many Creeds and * Masses,
Collects Lessons and the rest
Of the Holy Garbidge drest,
Proper Food for mumbling Asses ?

* The usual names that these impudent Sons of Belial bestow
upon our Holy Liturgy.

3.

Oh! Sir, it's a Debt, they say,
 Mother Church must Yearly Pay
 To her Saints Canoniziaton :
 It was the Day in which he fell
 A Martyr to the * *Cause of Hell*,
 Justly Crown'd with Decollation.

4.

Mirth for us, and generous Wine ;
 Let the Clergy Cant and Whine,
 Preach and prate about Rebellion.
 No more * *Beasts of K—s*, good Heaven !
 Such as late in Wrath were given,
 Two Curst Tyrants, and a Stallion.

* See what Virtuous Principles these pretended Saints are
 of ! That call the King's Heroick Suffering of the Laws of
 the Land, the Liberties of the People, the Constitutions of
 Parliaments, and the Establish'd Church, Falling for the
 Cause of Hell. Ob ! Execrable Monsters,

* A most admirable Prayer ! 'Tis easie to Nick-name 'em
 'Beasts ; and there's an end of them all,

May

S.

May the Banish'd *Tarquin's* Fate,
Be as Just, but not so Great ;
Some Mean shameful Death attend him :
May Curs'd *Lewis* for old Scores,
Turn him poorly out of Doors ;
Then may some friendly Halter end him.

F 2

An

nts are
laws of
tions of
for the

me 'em

May

An Anthem on the 30. of January, 1696.

THere was a King of *Scotish* Race,
 A Man of Mucle might a,
 Was never seen in Battles Great,
 But greatly he would Sh—— a ;
 This K. begot another K.
 Which made the Nation sad a,
 Was of the same Religion,
 An Atheist like his Dad a :
 This Monarch wore a Picked Beard,
 And seem'd a Doughty Heroe.
 As *Dialesian* Innocent, and as Merciful as *Nero*.
 The Churches darling Implement ;
 But Sconrge of all the People,
 He Swore he'd make each Mothers Son
 Adore there Idol Steeple :
 But they perceiving his designs,
 Grew plaguy shy and jealous

And

And timely chopt his *Calves* head off,
And sent him to his fellows.
Old * *Rowly* did succeed his Dad,
Such a King was never seen a,
He'd lye with every nasty Drab;
But seldom with his Queen a.
Restless and hot he roll'd about
The Town from Whore to Whore a,
A Merry Monarch as e'er liv'd,
Yet Scandalous and poor a.
His Dogs at Council-Board wou'd fit,
Like Judges in their Furs a,
'Twas hard to say which had most Wit,
The Monarch or his Curs a.

* *A very fine Character this of a merciful Prince, who restor'd us to our ancient Government and Liberties: But this shews the Gratitude of this Faction.*

38 *The Secret History of the*

At last he died, we know not how,
But most think by his Brother,
His Soul to Royal *Tophet* went
To see his Dad and Mother.
The furious *James* Usurp'd the Throne,
To pull Religion down a ;
But by his VVife and Priest undone,
He quickly lost his Crown a.
To *France* the wandring Monarch's trudg'd,
In hopes relief to find a,
VVhich he is like to have from thence,
Even when the D ——'s blind a.

Oh! how shou'd we Rejoyce and Pray,
And never cease to Sing a.
If * Bishops too were chac'd away,
And Banish'd with their King a :
Then Peace and Plenty wou'd ensue;
Our Bellies wou'd be full a,
Then enliven'd Ile wou'd Laugh and Smile,
As in the days of * Noll a.

* Thus we find that the Subversion of the Monarchy is not the only thing this Party aims at, but likewise that of the Hierarchy, which must both expire together ; So that tho' some Writers in the Reign thought fit to ridicule that saying, of No King, no Bishop, as absurd and inconsequential, yet our Fathers lived to see it verified, and I heartily wish their Posterities may never see the Experiment made the second Time.

* The Reader is desired to observe how inconsistently these Libertines act to themselves, who can celebrate the bloody and calamitous Reign of an Usurper, who trampled upon the very Republick, of which they boast so much.

An Anthem on January 30. 1697.

1.

TOuch, now touch the Tuneful Lyre,
Make the joyful Strings resound ;
The Victory's at last intire,
With the Royal Victim crown'd.

2.

The happy Stroke did soon recover,
VVhat we long had sought in vain,
Thus *Ariadne* lost her Lover,
But the Gods reliev'd her Pain.

3.

This was an Action just and daring,
Nature smil'd at what they did,
VVhen our Fathers nothing fearing,
Made the haughty Tyrant bleed.

Thy

4.

They their Sons thus well obliging,
Taught us how this day to keep,
VWho by Fighting, Storming, Sieging,
Lay'd the Ravening VVolf a sleep.

5.

England Long her wrongs sustaining,
Prest beneath her burthens down,
Chose a set of Heroes daring,
To Chastise the Haughty Crown.

6.

Thus the *Romans*, whose beginning
From an equal Right did spring,
Abhorring *Romulus* his sinning,
To the Gods transferr'd their King.

G

Let

7.

Let the * *Black Guard* rail no further,
 Nor Blaspheme the Righteous Blow ;
 Nor miscall that Justice, *Murder*,
 Which made *Saint* and *Martyr* too,

8.

They and We this Day observing,
 Differ only in one thing,
 They are Canting, whining, Starving ;
 We Rejoycing, Drink and Sing.

9.

Advance the Emblem of the Action !
 Fill the *CALVE*'s *SCULL* full of Wine,
 Drinking ne'er was counted Faction,
 † Men and Gods adore the Vine.

* What Religion these Incendiaries are of, appears by giving the Loyal and Orthodox Sons of the best establish'd Church in the World such Ignominious nick-names.

† Admurable Doctrine in the Mouths of Hypocrites, that pretend to so much Sanctity.

10.

To the Heroes gone before us,
Let's renew the flowing Bowl,
Whilst the Lustre of the Glories,
Shine like Stars from Pole to Pole.

The End.

G 2

THE

Chlorophyll

to the green color of the leaves

and the green color of the water

and the green color of the sky

and the green color of the earth

Chlorophyll

Chlorophyll

Chlorophyll

THE
CONTINUATION
OF THE
SECRET HISTORY
OF THE
Calves-Head Clubb.

THE
CONTINUATION
OF THE
RECORD HISTORY
OF THE
CALICO-HEAD CLUB.

A

SONG

On the 30th. of January, 97. B,
a Lad of 16.

1

Tune the Lute and Lyre,
Touch the Sounding Wire,
Let our Hearts and Voice
Create such a Noise,
As shall match the Celestial Quire.

2

Hark ! th' exalted Heroes,
Looking on, looking on,
Charm the bright Seraphick Throne,
With *Hymns* Divine to cheer us.

The

3

The pensive World around us,
Griev'd to see him wound us,
(a) But blest the deed,
When they saw him bleed,
Who labour'd to confound us.

4

The happy British Isle too,
When she saw, when she saw,
(b) The destin'd Head submit to Law,
Began to sing and smile too.

5

It was a pleasing wonder,
Upon the Earth and under,
The Worms beneath
Rejoyc'd at his death,
And gladly fier'd the plunder.

Nought

6

Nought Mourns under Heaven

(c) But the Priest, but the Priest,

Whose Hypocrisy's a jest

Can never be forgiven.

7

Hail Saints Victorious,

(d) Who bravely went before us,

Who taught us the way,

When Tyrants sway,

To make a Nation Glorious.

8

Thus you give us Freedom,

And Liberty, Liberty

-sA Shall by your Methods purchas'd be,

Whene'er the People need 'em.

H

(•) The

9

(c) The Heroes now in Glory,

Bow themselves before ye,

Pleas'd to see

Profterity

Thus yearly Rehearfe their story.

10

Then fill the Cranion full Boys,

With sparkling Red, with sparkling
(Red,

(f) Wee'll knock the sneaking puppies dead,

Who dare our Mirth controul Boys.

Re

*Reflections on a Song on the 30th of
January.*

S*Tanza* the Third, (a) With what Impudence would these Frantick Republican Monsters insinuate, that the whole World, both approv'd and applauded their unparalleled Villainy towards the best of Princes, when it is well known to all Good Men, that their Barbarity has been detested by all the Kingdoms and States of Europe, to the everlasting Shame and Scandal of those Blood-thirsty Hypocrites, who effected their base ends, by such a sanguine piece of Cruelty to the Mildest of Monarchs.

Stanza the Fourth, (b) Observe how they justify their Bloody Act, perpetrated by Rebellion and open Violence, by a pretence of Law; when their infamous proceedings were directly repugnant to the Laws of God, the Law of Nature, and the Laws of the Land.

Stanza the Sixth, (c) With what confidence do they charge the Loyal Clergy of the Church of England, with that Hypocrisie which themselves have ever practis'd, both towards God and Man, to bring their base designs to their abominable issue?

Stanza the Seventh, (d) with what Diabolical presumption they Canonize their

Brother Regicides, and confer the Holy dignity of a Saint upon the worst of Murderers?

Stanza the Ninth, (e) If such Heroes as they, have the confidence to stile their Rebellious Progenitors; are admitted into the Glory, by which they mean Heaven; the greatest Sinners upon Earth have but little reason to despair of Eternal Happiness.

Stanza the Tenth, (f) You may Judge of the excellent principles of these Calves-heads, Liberty and Property Men from their Words; refer'd to where they are for knocking all Good Men on the Head for Puppies; that are for Controuling them in their Frantick Celebration of that abominable deed; which no Christian in their right senses, can reflect upon without Horror and Amazement.

An Anthem on the 30th of January.

Welcome brave Souls,
Now drink of your Bolls,

(a) 'Twas an Act we all do admire; T

To stife the Work,

Of an *English Turk*,

Whose Son set our City on Fire.

Whose deeds were forgot,

Till reviv'd by a Plot,

Carried on by shitten *Maek-Nanny*;

But the Martyr in Rage,

Loft his Head on a Stage,

(b) And the Church swore the Devil was in ye.

Then

3

Then let us commend,

(c) The Deeds of a Friend;

That caused our jolly meeting;

To our Fathers we owe,

The Honour o' th' Blow,

And we are their Sons that are Feasting."

4

But who wou'd have thought,

That our Scotch Laird

Shou'd make use of the Power of France Sir?

But their Work is done,

From Father to Son,

We have lost both Root and Branch Sir.

Then

5

Then again lets commend,

That Warlike Hand,

That sav'd our *English* Nation;

'Twas Puss in her Furr,

Did scratch, spit and purr,

And pointed to Abdication.

Re-

*Reflections on an Anthem on the 30th of
January.*

S*Tanza the First (a)* Here they are not content to insolently express their Love and Admiration of a Barbarous Act, which no good Subject can think on without trembling, but even proceed to blast the pious Memory of the most Christian Martyr, with the Scurrilous Epethite of *English Turk*; and to basely charge the Fire of *London* upon one of his Sons, which has been sufficiently prov'd upon their own party; in order to cast their own Villanies upon such Persons who were utterly innocent of the matter.

Stanza the Second, (b) As themselves say, I think the Church, when they saw the Life of their just and Injur'd Monarch so Wrongfully and Maliciously extorted from him, by the Merciless Hands of a parcel of insatiate Rebels, might very justly Swear that the Devil was in 'em; for had he not, it is impossible they should ever have accomplish'd such a Vile and Bloody undertaking.

Stanza

Stanza the Third, (c) You may observe in most of their scandalous Ballads, as well as this *Stanza*, it is the highest of their Vainity to commend the greatest of their Villanies ; and to give abundance of Honour to the Memory of those Bloody Assassins, whose Sons they boast themselves ; and that they are proud of the occasion, their Fathers have given them of meeting, to rejoyce over the infamy of their Ancestors. What can a Government expect, but the like Cruelty from the like Party, if they are suffer'd to get uppermost.

I A Song

A

SONG

*At the Cairnes-Head Clubb, January the
30th. 1698.*

I.

(a) **C**rown, Crown the Goblet, Quaff the
(sparkling Wine,

Invoke the Assistance of the Tuneful Nine :

The great concernment of this Glorious Day,
shou'd all our Wit, and all our Joy display ;
No Gloomy Look, no Pensive Thought be found,
Where Liberty with sprightly Joys go Round.
Let black Dispair convert into a Smile,
And Peals of Triumph Eccho thro' the Isle.

Let

2.

Let Tyrants faint, and tremble when they're told
What Deeds the Annals of this day unfold.

(b) VVhen daring Justice led her Troops to
Fought, and the bold Oppressor put to flight.

VVhen purple streams distain'd the Native Green,
Ye Gods! VVhat Courage, and what Heat was
VVhen Heaven inspir'd Heroes dare to own
The Noble Cause, and pull the Monster down.

3

Fill round again, the Justice of their Arms,
Has endless praises, and Immortal Charms.
Time cannot lessen, and no Age express
The bold Atchivements of that Godlike Race,
Born to Chastise, and Scourge Tyrannic Might,
Durst bravely plead the Cause of injur'd Right:
And to posterity, an instance gave,
That a brave Man can never be a Slave.

*Reflections on a Song, Sung at the Calves-
Head Feast, January the 20th. 1698.*

IN the first *Stanza*, (*a*) Their Poet Laureat for the day, is for invoking the Muses to their assistance ; but I think any body may discern by their Poetry, that their Ladyships have more Wit then to enter into such a Wicked Confederacy. And as for their old Cant of Liberty, the World is wise enough to see, that those who make the greatest busle about it, are a parcel of Restless Rebels, who are always seeking to destroy it ; and at the same instant they are crying it up, they are striving to pull it down, in order to make the rest of their Fellow Subjects Slaves to their Fanatical Tyranny and Ambition.

In *Stanza* the Second, (*b*) They seem very proud of putting the bold Oppressor, that is, sawcily meaning the Royal Martyr, to flight ; and also Boast as much of disstaining the Field with their own Country-mens Blood, as if Rebellion and Blood-shed were Acts that deserv'd Immortal Glory.

In

In *Stanza* the Third, they are mightily affected, with the endless praises due to the Justice of their Arms: And the bold Achievements of that God like Race. By which is meant themselves, and their Brother Regicides; so that Rebellion, and King Killing, are esteem'd amongst them, as such meritorious Vertues that have a just Title to the applause of all posterity: Therefore in how miserable a Condition must a Nation be, that is over-run and trampled upon by an ungovernable number of such Blood-sucking Vermin.

In *Stanza* the Fourth, how prettily they reflect their own Treachery upon the Church-Lubbers, as they are pleas'd to call the Church of *England* Clergy; and Impudently accuse them of Canting, and Whining, when every Body knows they are Rediculous quallifications, only practis'd and improv'd by their own Dull, Spiteful and Illiterate Teachers.

In *Stanza* the Fifth, the Poet after seems mightily pleas'd, to think how the King-Killers, who he presumes are in Heaven, smile above at the Druken Revels of their Rebellious progeny below: But I doubt he has assign'd a wrong Place for his Defunct Patriots,

Patriots, who in all Honest Mens opinion,
are most likely to be found in those dark
Regions, where they found but little reason
to laugh, at the Frantick Oblations of their
Sorrows, Sons who succeed them in their
Wickedness.

An

*An Anniversary Poem on the 30th of
January 1699.*

HAil Sacred day ! (a) that each Returning Year,
Do'st with new Light our Drooping Spirits
Chear ;

Remind'st us of our Ancestors Renown,
Who bravely pull'd a (b) fawcy Tyrant down, }
While Liberty Triumphant fill'd the Throne. }
The Tydings first at the Curst Court began,
Which chearfully thro' all the Nation ran :
Fresh Streams of unknown Joys around did flow,
And all good Men ador'd the Righteous Blow.
The Sun Transported with the Noble Deed,
Shone out, and Smil'd to see the Monster Bleed.
The amaz'd World, united in Applause,
And blest the Justice of our Arms and Cause.

Nought

Nought under Heaven mourn'd but the curst
Priest,

Whose damn'd Dissimulation is a Jest,
That every Free-born Nation shou'd detest.

Thrice Hail Illustrious day ! in thee's display'd
A brighter Scene than when the World was made;
When from dark Chaös this gay form was Rear'd,
And all the grizly Phantomes disappear'd :
just so, they slunk away, just so they fled,
And Groan'd and Tumbl'd with the Tyrant's
(Head:

While general Gladness did the Isle imploy,
And every *English* Tongue did Shout for Joy:
Hail once again thou Glorious part of time !
Thou endless Subject of Eternal Rhime :
May I forget to make my Numbers meet,
And Tune New Thouhts in well Compos'd Feet.
May She I love, forget to love me more,
Be always Wretched, I be always poor,
If I forget this Sacred day t'adore:

When Courage over Slavery did prevail,
And Providence weigh'd down the juster Scales:
When Right Triumphant o'er Injustice Rode,
Following the Foot-steps of the Leading God,
Did to the doubting World a pattern shew,
What *English* Men for *English* Rights dare do.

Reflections

*Reflections on an Anniversary Poem on
the 30th of January, 1699.*

HOW impudently they profain the word Sacred, by adding it to the Black Day, which unhappily produc'd the sad occasion of all our succeeding Miseries; and in line the Fourth, to express their Malice, with the greater rancour, to stile the best of Kings, who was object of their Fury, the *Sawcy Tyrant*; And then in line the Ninth to Ten, Devilishly affirm that *all good Men ador'd the Righteous Blow*, when nothing is more evident than that none but the worst and wickedest of Men had ever the impudence to open their Mouths, in the vindication of so base and Barbarous a Tragedy. And in the two following lines, how the infamous Author seems to be transported with his diabolical flight; so I may Justly Term it, for nothing sure, but the fury of Hell, instead of the Muses, could ever have inspir'd such a Republican Scribler, with such an Audacious piece of Bombast, viz.

*The Sun Transported with the Noble Deed,
Shone out, and smil'd to see the Monster Bleed.*

Indeed the whole Poem is all of a piece, and I think is such a compleat Composition of Malice and Impudence, that none but a *Calves-head Clubb*, of the most stigmatiz'd Rebels, would ever have receiv'd under their Villianous Patronage: And as it truly deserves, so I hope it will always remain in Print, as an everlasting Register of the Author's shame and infamy ; as well as of the incorrigible Impudence of that vile Society, who at first gave it their Protection.

THE

The Health.

WHen Tories and Parsons do Cant and Pray,
And spit their dull Malice on us,

Let's remember the Cause, that occasion'd the
And Drink a good Health to Old Pufs, Old Pufs. (Day,

VVhen Priests of Rebellion and Treason
(prate,
And extol the Lude Monarch Emured in the Cack,
Confront 'em with Vagabond *James's* Fate,

And put 'em in mind of the stroak they struck;
When Oppression increas'es, and Hopes grow less,

When Tyrants unbrid'd their Subjects vex,
Let's chear up our selves with the happy success,
That once did attend on the Ax, the Ax.

Then Freedom and Peace did in Triumph
(appear,
As soon as the Glorious deed was done

Our Fathers perform'd, and why shou'd we fear
To follow what they have so well begun?

Moses

Moses of Old, when the *Jews* dispar'd,
How they shou'd threatning Dangers shun,
Buoy'd up their Faith, with the wonders they've
(heard,
Had by their Fathers been done, been done.

But we have better examples in store,
When Power with Liberty won't accord,
VVe'll follow the Pattern, they set us before,
And deliver our selves from the Sword, the Sword.

Then fill up the Glas to the daring Hand,
VWhich bravely finish'd the just design,
And stain with Tyrannical Blood the Sand,
While Murmuring *Scots* repine, repine.

About with't again to the Hand and Cause,
That gave us occasion to Revel thus ;
Confusion to those, who shall dare refuse,
To Drink a good Health to Old Puss, Old Puss.

Re-

*Reflections on the Health drank at the
Calves-Head Feast.*

BY the Old Pufs, to whom they dedicate their intoxicating Bumpers, I suppose they mean the good old Cause, from the further promotion of which, may Heaven defend her Majesty and her Kingdoms ; for certainly such Audacious Wretches , who have impudence enough to glory in the vilest deed that ever was perpetrated by Humane Hands, whenever they have power , will, with as great Joy, repeat the same Villanies and Cruelties , which they so highly approve on in their Wicked Faction. What can be more Startling and Amazing to a Man of any Honesty or Conscience, than the unaccountable insolence of such a daring Society, who by the damnable doctrine of their revengeful Teachers, are so harden'd in their Malice against Monarchy and Church-Government , that they shou'd drink to the Memory of that accursed Hand , (over and over, as you find in the foregoing Health)

Health) which so Barbarously Rob'd the
best of Princes of his Life, to satisfy
the inexorable Revenge of the worst
of People, from whose accursed Cruelty,
Good Lord deliver us.

The End.

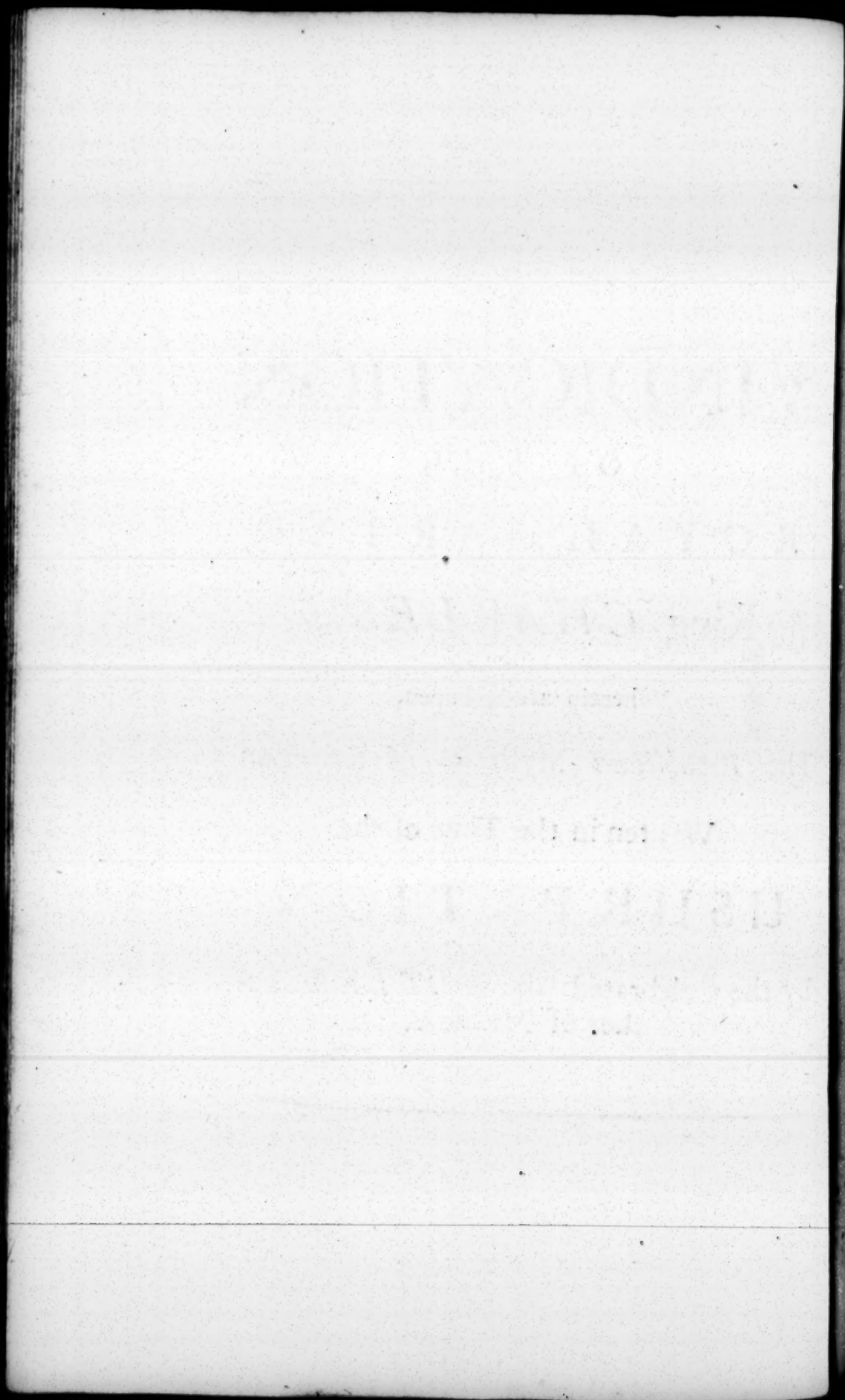
A
VINDICATION
OF THE
ROYAL MARTYR
King CHARLES I.

Wherein are laid open,
The *Republicans* Mysteries of Rebellion

Written in the Time of the

USURPATION

By the Celebrated Mr. BUTLER Au-
thor of *Hudibras*.



P R E F A C E
T O T H E
R E A D E R.

THE Publisher of this following Discourse, has thought fit to oblige the World with a piece of Curiosity ; it was Penn'd above Forty Years since by the Ingenious and Celebrated Author of *Hudibras*. The Libel, which he answers, was the Labour of one *John Cook*, Master of *Grays-Inn* , a great Pains-taker in the Mysteries of Rebellion. To give you the Original of it, 'twas a studied Invective against the Person of King *Charles I.* before the

Preface to the Reader.

High Court of Justice (so call'd)
of infamous Memory ; but upon
the Non-Pleading of the Royal
Martyr , 'twas afterwards Meta-
morphos'd into a Pamphlet, with the
specious Title of *King Charles's Case;*
or an Appeal to all Rational Men con-
cerning his Tryal. How Rational
this Appeal was, may be easily dis-
cover'd from those Numerous Falla-
cies and Notorious Falshoods, which
our Author has detected in him,
not only as to what concerns plain
matter of fact, but also in the Pam-
phleteer's pretended way of reason-
ing, the false Logick, and worse Law.
I shall not enter into the Merits of
the Cause ; for I suppose the more
Rational part of Mankind , is a-
bundantly satisfied in the Innocence
of that Great Man, as to any thing
that was laid to his Charge ; and
upon that account, indeed, there
would have been little occasion at
this

Preface to the Reader.

this time of Day to produce so great an Advocate for his Memory, but that there is risen amongst us a new Rule of the old Republican Stamp, who have reviv'd the Quarrel, and Copied out the obsolete and almost forgotten Scandal of our Libeller, and made it their own. The Author of *Ludlow's* Letter may be reckon'd amongst the first of these, one that always set up for a Patron of Faction, and a Promoter of the *Good Old Cause*; but shew'd himself most in that famous Year, when he was one of the Tribunes of the People. I should not have made such a Digression upon this Worthy Patriot, But that I find him to intrude amongst his Friends, Mr. *Milton* and our *Libeller*, and seems to be the very Copy of their Malice at least, though not their Wit; and for that reason, I must confess, he seems to be the least pointed at by our Answer. I shall
say

Preface to the Reader.

say no more of him at present, but pass him by with the same Contempt as the Government has Wisely done; 'tis but unseasonable Quarrelling with a Man that is Arm'd with so much Dirt, you'll be sure of that, if you have nothing else.

I need not Trouble the Reader with any Harangue upon our Author, or his Book; I suppose he is no stranger to the Honefter and more Learned part of the Kingdom; and, as for the rest, 'twas their best security they were not known by him. I shall only add, that it was Mr. *Butler's* design to Print the Discourse himself, had not Death prevented him; and since it has fell into the Editor's Hands, 'tis but a piece of Justice to his Memory, to let the World make their Advantage of it

T H E

Royal Martyr

VINDICATED

Against *John Cook* and several
others Pains-takers in the My-
steries of Rebellion.

By Mr. Butler Author of Hudibras.

Mr. COOKE,

HAVING lately seen a Book of yours,
which you are pleased to call King
CHARLES *his Case, or an Appeal to*
all Rational Men concerning his Tryal; I was
much invited to read it, by the Ingenuity
promised in your Title. For having heard
you Stile your self Solicitor General for the
Kings Dread Sovereign, and your own
Honourable Client, the People; I was
much taken with your impartiality, that
not only exempts all Rational Men from
being your Clients in this Case, in making
them

them by your Appeal your Judges : For no Man you know can be Judge in his own Case , but acknowledge your High Court from which you Appeal to all Rational Men to consist of no such : But indeed I had not read many lines before I found mine own Error, as well as yours, and your Proceedings nothing agreeable to the plain dealing I expected from you ; for you presently fall to insult upon the unhappyness of your undeserved Adversary, and that with so little moderation, as if you strove to make it a question whether his incomparable Patience, or your own ungoverned Passion, should be the greater wonder of Men, preposterously concluding him Guilty, before with one Syllable you had proved him so : A strange way of doing Justice, which you endeavour to make good by a strange insolent Railing, and more insolent proceeding to the secret Counsel of Almighty God, from whence you presume to give Sentence on him, a boldness no less impious than unjust in you were it true, since we can never know it to be so.

But indeed, it is hard to say whether you have shewn more Malice or Vanity in this notable Declaration of yours ; for he that considers the Affectation and Fantastique Lightness of your Language, (such as
Ireland,

Ireland, a Land of Ire; Bite-Sheep for Bishops, and other such ingenious Elegancies of quibble;) must needs confess it an Oratory more becoming a Fool in a Play, or *Peters* before the Rabble, than the Patrons of his Sovereigns Sovereign, or the gravity of that Court, which you say right wisely, shall be admir'd at the Day of Judgment. And therefore you do ill to accuse him of reading *Johnsons* and *Shakespears* Plays, which it seems you have been more in your self to much worse purpose, else you had never hit so right upon the very Dialect of their railing Advocates, in which (believe me) you have really out-acted all that they could fantasie of Passionate and Ridiculous Outrage.

For certainly, Sir, I am so Charitable to believe it was your Passion that imposed upon your Understanding; else, as a Gentleman, you could have never descended to such peasantry of Language, especially against such a Person, to whom (had he never been your Prince) no Law enjoyns (whatsoever his Offences were) the punishment of Ribaldry. And for the Laws of God they absolutely Condemn it; of which I wonder you that pre end so much

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to be of his Counsel, should be either so ignorant or forgetful.

Calamity is the Visitation of God, and (as Preachers tell us) a favour he does to those he loves; where-ever it falls it is the work of his Hand, and should become our Pity, not our Insolence. This the Antient Heathen knew, who believing Thunder came from the Arm of God, reverence the very Trees it lighted on.

But your Passion hath not only misled you against Civility, and Christian Charity, but Common Sense also; else you would never have driven your Chariot of Reason (as you call it) so far out of the Road, that you forget whither you are going, and run over every thing that stands in your way; I mean, your unusual way of Argument, not only against Reason, but your self, as you do it at the first sally; for after your fit of raving is over, you bestow much pains to prove it one of the Fundamentals of Law, That the King is not above the Law, but the Law above the King. And this you deraign, as you call it, so far, that at length you say, the King hath not by Law so much Power as a Justice of Peace

Peace to commit any Man to Prison; which you would never have done, if you had considered from whom the Justice derives his power; or in whose Name his Warrants run; else you may as well say, a Man may give that which he hath not; or prove the Moon hath more Light than the Sun, because he cannot shine by Night as the Moon doth. But you needed not have strained so hard, for this will serve you to no purpose, but to prove that which was never denied by the King himself; for if you had not a much worse Memory than Men of your Condition should have, you could not so soon have forgotten, that immediately after the reading of that Charge, the King demanded of your High Court, by what Law they could sit to judge him; (as offering to submit if they could produce any,) but then silence or interruption were thought the best ways of confessing there was no such thing: And when he undertook to shew them both Law and Reason too, why they could not do it: The Righteous President told him plainly, he must have neither Law nor Reason, which was certainly (as you have it very finely) the most comprehensive, impartial, and glorious Piece of Justice that ever was played on the Theater of *England*; for what could any Court do more than

then rather Condemn it self than injure Truth.

But you had better have left this whole Business of the Law out of your Appeal to all Rational Men who can make no use of it, but against your self: for if the Law be above the King, much more is it above the Subject. And if it be so heinous a Crime in a King to endeavour to set himself above Law, it is much more heinous for Subjects to set themselves above King and Law both. Thus, like right Mountebanks, you are fain to Wound and Poison your selves to cheat others, who cannot but wonder at the confidence of your imposture, that are not ashamed to magnifie the Power of the Law while you violate it; and confess you set your selves really above the Law, to Condemn the King for but intending it.

And indeed Intentions and Designs are the most considerable part both of your Accusations and Proofs, some of which you are fain to fetch a great way off, as far as his Coronation Oath, which you next say, He or the Archbishops by his order emasculated, and left out very material Words (which the People shall choose) which is most false; for these Words were not left out, but rendered

dred with more fence (which the commonalty have) and if you consider what they relate to (Customs) you will find you cannot, without open injury, interpret (*elegerit* in the Latin Oath) shall choose, not hath chosen ; for if you will have *consuetudines quas vulgas elegerit*, to mean Customs which are to be not only use, which must be often repeated before it become a Custom, but choice which necessarily preceeds use.

But suppose it were as you would have it, I cannot see with what reason you can presume it to be a design to subvert the Laws, since you know he had sworn to defend them before in the first Article of the Oath, from which I wonder how you can suppose that so wise a Prince (as you acknowledge him to be) could be so irrational to believe himself absolute by this omission. But you are not without further contradiction yet, for if he were so perfidious a Violater of Oaths as you would have the World believe, what reason had he to be so conscientious of taking them ? certainly he hath little cause to be nice whas Oaths he takes, that hath no regard what Oaths he breaks.

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Nor can I possibly understand your other construction of his refusal to take the Oath, as his Predecessors had done, which you will have a design to refuse his assent to such good Laws rather than bad Ones, as the Parliament should tender; for besides the absurd conceits that he must still like the bad better than the good, if you consider what you say afterwards, the charitable sense will appear by your own Words to be truest; for you confess he gave his assent to any bad one, else you had not been fain, for want of such, to accuse him of a few good ones as you do there; which of these is most probable let every rational Christian judge.

Your next Argument to prove the King's design to destroy the Law, is thus ordered. Those Knights that were by an old Statute to attend at the King's Coronation, being promised by his Proclamation (in regard of the Infection then spread through the Kingdom, a Dispensation for their absence, were after fined at the Council Table; no doubt by the procurement of some of your own Tribe, were they pleading the Proclamation for their Indemnity were answered, That the Law of the Land was above any Proclamation: Your Conclusion is therefore, The King had a design to subvert the Laws: Sure there is no Man in his

Wits

Wits but would conclude the contrary ; such Arguments as these are much like the Ropes that *Oanus* twisted only for Asses to devour.

But if this should fail, you know you were provided with another not less substantial, and that is, his alteration of the Judges Commissions, who heretofore had their Places granted to them during their Good Behaviour, but he made them but during Pleasure, of this you make a sad Business of a very imaginary evil Consequence ; but if you had considered before, what you say presently after, that the King, and not the Judges, is to be accountable for the injustice and oppression of the Government, &c. you would have found it very just that he should use his Pleasure in their dismissal as well as choice ; For Men of your Profession, that have lived long enough to be Judges, are not such Punies in cunning, to play their feats of Iniquity above-board : and if they may sit still they can be proved to have misbehaved themselves ; the Prince that is to give account for all, may sooner know he is abused, than know how to help himself.

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All the inconveniency which you can fanſie poſſible to enſue it, is only to ſuch bad Judges as buy their Places ; of whoſe Condition and loſs you are very ſenſible, as if they had too hard a Bargain of Injuſtice; believe they may have reaſon enough to give unjuſt Judgment, rather then loſe their Places and their Money too, if they ſhall receive ſuch intimation from the King. But you forget your ſelf when you put this in your Appeal to all Rational Men; for they will tell you this was a bold affront done to your High Court of Juſtice; for if it were potential Tyranny (as you will have it) in the King to have but a deſign to indure the Judges to give Sentence againſt the Law, which you ſay brings the People the very next ſtep to Slavery: What is it in thoſe who preſume to give Sentence themſelves not only contrary to Law, but the declared Opinion of all the Judges, and thoſe of their chooſing too? And (I beſeech you) whether by your own Doctrine does this bring the People that ſubmit to it? Certainly if you that can accuſe the King of this, had been a Jew heretofore, you would not only have ſtoned your Fellows, but your Saviour too.

But

But if all your Arguments should miscarry, you have a Reserve left that does (as you say) irrefragably prove the Design; what's that? he is restless to destroy Parliament, or make them useless. Believe me, this is right *Ignotum per ignotius*, excellent Consequence to prove his Design by his Desires; you should have proved his Desires first, (if you would prove his Thoughts by his Thoughts) for certainly if ever he designed it, he desired it first. You had better have concluded plainly he did it because he designed it, for that is all one in Sense: But if I might be but half so bold with your Designs, I should with more Reason guess you have one to make us believe your familiar Acquaintance with the secret Counsels of God, (which you so often pretended to) else certainly he has given the Desires of Man so private a Lodging, that without his own Discovery, (which you can give us no Account of) you have no other way to know them. You do well, and if I may advise you, you shall give over this unluckly thing called Reason, and betake your self wholly to Revelations.

How these Arguments might prevail with your High Court of Justice, I cannot

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not tell; but in my Opinion, they had little Reason to thank you for this last, for while you make the King a Traytor, and prove his meer Desire to destroy the Parliament, or make it useleſs, a purpose to ſubvert the Laws, you do but tell them what they are that have already done it, and the People what a deal of Law they are to expect hereafter. All you can juſtly, in your own Senſe, accuſe the King of, is but Diſcontinuance, or untimely Diſſolution of Parliaments, which I wonder with what Senſe you can interpret a Deſign to deſtroy the Parliaments, ſince all the World knows when he parted with his Power, to diſſolve the Parliament too. But ſee how doubly unjuſt you are; you accuſe him for not calling Parliaments ſo often as he was bound to do by the Law once a Year, (as you ſay) or oftner, but never conſider how that is impoſſible to be done, without diſſolving them as often, for doing which, notwithstanding with ſo much Clamor, you condemn him. Thus you charge him with Inconſiſtencies, and may with much more Reason accuſe him for calling Parliaments, becauſe if he had not called them, he could never have diſſolved them, which is very like your way of Argument.

But

But much better than you commonly use for your next, (to remove an Objection out of your way) is thus managed: The King, and not the Judges and evil Counsellors, ought to be accountable for the Male Administrations, Injustices, and Oppressions of the Parliament, your Reasons are, because he made such wicked and corrupt Judges: Were they not his own Creatures? and ought not every Man to be accountable for the Work of his own Hands? Believe me, this were something, if you could prove he made them wicked, as well as Judges. But if this Plea hold, you have argued well for your honourable Clients, the People; for if they made the King as you say they did, you have cleared him of all such horrid Crimes, Murders, and Massacres, which you take so much Pains to no purpose, to accuse him of; and like a right Man of Law, have undone your Clients, upon whose Score you set them: Your next Business will be to prove God guilty of the Sins of wicked Men, for they are his Creatures, and the Work of his Hands, I take it. But this is your perpetual Method of doing him right, to make him sole Author and Owner of all his ill ordered or unhappy Actions, and

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not allow him a share in any good Deed or Act of Grace.

And these are the Fundamentals of the Charge, only Suppositions of Intentions and Designs, which how far you have proved just or profitable, let any Man but your self judge: The Course you take afterwards, is much worse in my Opinion, for you make your own Grounds, and either not prove them at all, or (which is worse) prove them upon their own bottom, as when you take upon you to state the Ground of your Wars, and prove the King to be the Cause of it, you do it thus:

The King (you say) set up his Standard of War for the Advancement and Upholding of his Personal Interest, Power, and pretended Prerogative, against the publick Interest of common Right, Peace, and Safety. How do you prove this? Because he fought for the Militia, for a Power to call and dissolve Parliaments, a negative Voice, to make Judges, confer Honours, grant Pardons, make Corporations, enhance or debase Money, and avoid his own Grants. These you call his Personal Interest, Power, and Prerogative, which you say he fought for: Now, put the Position and

Proof

Proof together, and see what Sense it will make; truly none but this: That he made War for his Prerogative, because he fought for his Prerogative: Is not this fine Logick! but suppose it were Sense, how do you prove he fought for his Prerogative? to this, you have not one Word to say; and why then should we rather take your Word, than the King's, who protested he took Arms in Defence of the Protestant Religion, the Liberty of the Subject, Privileges of Parliament, and Laws of *England*? Certainly there is no Man in his Wits, but would rather believe his Words, than your Arguments, if he does but consider that the most improbable part of all, (he protested to fight for the Defence of the Privileges of Parliaments,) is found by Experience to be no Paradox: How true the rest is, time will instruct you. But yet I cannot see why we should not rather believe them, than the Pretences of the Parliament, which were more to fight in Defence of his Person, and there own Privileges, which how they have performed, your self can tell; but all this while you mistake your own Question, which was not the right of Cause, but the Cause, or (as you have it) the Occasion of the War; and if you had a purpose

pose to know that, Actions had been the only Guide of your Inquiry; for Intentions and Words are uncertain, and if they make no Assaults in private Quarrels, I know not why they should in publick; and therefore, since we can never agree about the Truth of more remote Causes, 'tis most just for us to place the Cause of the War where we find the first Breach of the Peace. Now, that the King was cleared of this, all indifferent Men, who had the Unhappiness to be acquainted with the Method of their own undoing, can very well testify. And if the Parliament should deny it, their own Votes would contradict them, as well as their Actions; for when they first raised Horse and Arms, they pretended to do so, because it appeared the King, seduced by wicked Counsel, intended to make War against the Parliament; whereby they confess he had not then done it, and they had so little Ground to make it appear he ever would, that they were fain to usurp the Right of his Cause, to justify their own; and they say took Arms for the Defence of the King, which if we grant, it must follow they first made War against him; for no Body else ever did, against whom they could possibly defend him; nor did their Actions,

ons, in offering the first Violence, less declare who began the War, when having an Army ready to invade him, before he set up his Standard, they both followed and set upon him, as they did at *Edge Hill*. Go as far as you can, you will still find the *Scots* (whose Quarrel the Parliament took up at the second Hand, as well as they followed their Examples) were the first Beginners of all.

This being granted, how the King could afterwards do less than he did, I cannot understand: First he was bound by the Law of Nature (which you say is Legislative, and hath a suspensive Power over all Human Laws) to defend himself. Secondly, by his Coronation-Oath, which he took to keep the Peace; and how could he do that, but by his raising Power to suppress those who had already broken it? Thirdly, by the Laws of the Land, which you say trusted him with the Power of the Sword, and how could he preserve that Trust, if he had fate still and suffered others not only to take it from him, but to use it against him.

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But it is most probable that he never intended it, else he was very unwise to let them be before hand with him, in seizing upon his Castles, Magazines, and Ships; for which there can be no Reason imagin'd, but that he was loth to give them any Occasion (in securing them) to suspect he did but intend a War. And by all this, I doubt not but it appears plain enough to all Rational Men, that he was so far from being the Cause of the War, that he rather fell into it by avoiding it; and that he avoided it so long, 'till he was fain to take Arms at so great a Disadvantage, as he had almost as good have fate still, and suffered. And in this you have used the King with the same Justice the Christians received from *Nero*, who having set *Rome* on fire himself, a Sacrifice to his own wicked Genius, laid the Odium of it on the Christians, and put them to Death for it.

But this way you found too fair and open for your purpose, and therefore declined it for having proved his Intentions by his Desires, and his Actions by his Intentions, you attempt a more preposterous way yet, to prove both; by what might have been his Intentions: And to this purpose, you
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have the Confidence (in spite of Sense) to make Contingencies the final Cause of Things: And impolitick Accidental, possible Inconveniences (which all the Wit of Man can never avoid) the intended Reasons of State. As when you will have the King fight for the Militia, only to command the Purse of the People; for a Power to make Judges, only to wrest the Laws; to grant Pardons, that publick spirited Men (as you call them) may be made away, and the Murderers pardon, &c. All which being Creatures of your own Fanſie and Malice, (and no part of his Quarrel,) you are so far from proving he fought for that, when you have strained your Ability; all you can say, is but this, in your own Sense, That he fought for a Power to do that which he never would do when it was in his Power: But if you take this Liberty, I cannot but think how you would bestir your self, if you could but get your God, as you have done your King, before such an impartial High Court of Justice as this! how would you charge him with his Mis-government in Nature, for which, by the very same Logick, you may prove he made us all Slaves, in causing the Weaker to hold his Life at the Pleasure of the

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Stronger;

Stronger; that he set up a Sun to dazel our Eyes, that we might not see; and to kindle Fevers in our Veins, made Fire to burn us, Water to drown us, and Air to poison us, and then demand Justice against him; all which you may easily do, now you have the trick on't, for the very same Reason will serve again, and with much more Probability, for 'tis easiet to prove, that Men have been burnt and drowned, and died of the Pleague, than to make it appear the King ever used your finer Device to remove publick spirited Men; or can you, without extreme Injustice, suppose he ever would? for 'tis so much, as very well known, he highly favoured and advanced his greatest Opposers, (for such you mean, I know) whom he found Owners of any eminent Desert, as he did the Earl of *Strafford*, and the Attrony General *Noy*, (and for other honest Men, as you will have them) whom Frenzy or Sedition set against him, by your own Confession; he did not suffer those black Stars (very strange ones) to slit their Noses, and crop their Ears.

But now I think of these honest publick spirited Men, certainly some of them have not so good an Opinion of the
Honesty

Honesty of your publick Proceedings, but they would willingly venture not only their Ears again, (if they had them) but their Heads too, in Defiance of your most comprehensive piece of Justice, whose Cause, while you take upon you to plead against their Consent, as you have done your Honourable Clients, the People; you deserve in Reason to be thrown over the Barr by your own Party, for you but confess your own Injustice, while you acknowledge the publick Honesty of those that most oppose it.

How solid or pertinent those Arguments of yours have been, let any Man that is sober, judge: But you are resolved, right or wrong, they shall pass, to let us know how easily he that has the Unhappiness to be judged by his Enemies, is found guilty of any thing they please to lay to his Charge; and therefore satisfied with your own Evidence, you proceed to Sentence, and condemn the King with much Formality, by the fundamental Laws of this Kingdom, by the general Law of all Nations, and the unanimous Consent of all rational Men in the World, for imploying the Power of the Sword to the Destruction of the People, with

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which

102 *The Royal Martyr Vindicated*

which they intrusted him for their own Protection. How you got the Consent of rational Men to this Sentence, I cannot imagine; for 'tis most certain (by your one Confession) that he never employed the Sword, but against those who first fought to deprive him of it; and by that very Act, declared they did not trust him, and consequently absolved him both from the Obligation that he had to protect them, and the Possibility too: For no Man can defend another longer than he defends himself; so that if you will have your Sentence to be just, you must confess it to be Non-sense, for you must not only prove, that those who fought against him were the People that trusted him; not those who fought for him, but the lesser, or less considerable part of the People, the People as you have the Confidence to call your honourable Clients, being not the twentieth part of the very Rabble; which, if you can do, you are much wiser than *Solomon*: For it is easier to divide a Child in to two parts, than to make one of those two parts a whole Child; and if you have the trick on't, you shall be next allowed to prove, that, take four out of six, there remains six: Nor is there more Justice or Reason in the
Sentence

Sentence, than in the Course you take to up-hold it; for while you deny the old Maxim of Law, That the King can do no Wrong, you maintain a new one much worse, That he may suffer any; and having limited his Power to act only according to Law, expose him to suffer, not only without, but against Law. Truly it is hard Measure, but rather than fail of your Purpose, you will make as bold with Scriptures as you have done with Reason, if it stand in your way; as you do when you interpret that place of the Apostles, where no Law is, there is no Transgression, to mean, where there is neither Law of God nor Nature, nor positive Law: I wonder where that is; certainly you had better undertake to find out a Plantation for *Archimedes* his Engins to move the Earth, than but fantasie where that can be, which you must do before you can make this Scripture to be understood to your purpose; and I cannot but smile to think how hard a Task that will be for such a strong Fancy as yours, that cannot conceive what your self affirm; for when you deny it possible to suppose two supreme Powers in one Nation, you forget that you had acknowledged much more before, for you
• confess

confess the King to be supreme, when you say very elegantly, he made Head against the Parliament, who acknowledged him to be the Head thereof, and yet you say the Parliament is the Supreme Authority of the Nation. Thus you affirm that really to be, which you think is impossible to imagine.

But such lucky Contradictions of your self, as well as Sense, are as familiar with you as Railing, for besides the many before mentioned, and your common Incongruities of Speech, is as far from Construction, as the Purpose: Their are others, which for your Encouragement ought not to be omitted; and when you would prove the King the most abominable Tyrant that ever People suffered under, yet you say he was beloved of some, and feared abroad: His Judges you compared to the Saints sitting in Judgment at the last Day, and yet by your own Doctrine, they are more like Bears and Wolves, in sitting by a Commission of Force; their High Court is a Royal Palace of the Principles of Freedom, and yet, till the People voluntarily submit to a Government, (which they never did to the Authority of that) they were but Slaves. The Parliament
(you

(you say) petitioned the King as good Subjects, and yet immediately after, you make them his Lords, and himself Servant, so they give him the Honour of his own Royal Assent, and yet they often petitioned him for it. His Tryal you call most impartial, and yet cannot deny all his Judges to be Parties, and his profest Enemies. But you hit pretty right when you say he caused more Protestant Blood to be shed than ever was spilt either by *Rome*, Heathen, or Anti-christian; for grant that partly to be true, and confess as much Protestant Blood as ever was spilt by the Heathen *Romans*, unless they could kill Protestants eight hundred Years before there were any in the World; which eloquent piece of Non-sense we must impute to your Ignorance in Chronology, or Confusion of Notions, which you please. Nor are those Riddles of Contradiction only in your Words, but in the whole Course of your Proceedings, for you never do the King any Right, but where you do him the greatest Wrong; and are there only rational, where you are most inhuman, as in your additional Accusations, since his Death, for there you undertake to prove something, and give your Reasons (such as they are) to make it appear

pear, which were fair Play, if you do not take an Advantage too unreasonable, to argue with the Dead. But your other Impeachments consist only of Generals, prove nothing, or Intentions, which can never be proved, or your own forc'd Constructions of Actions, or what might have been Actions, but never were; all which you only aggravate with Impertinency and foul Language, but never undertake to prove; and if we should grant all you would say, and suppose you said it in Sense or Order, it would serve you to no purpose, unless you have by Proof or Argument applied it to him, which you never went about to do.

But if this were the worst, you might be born with, as a thing more becoming the Contempt, than the Anger of Men; but who can preserve any Patience, that does but think upon that Prodigy of your Injustice, as well as Inhumanity, to accuse the King after his Death, of what you were ashamed to charge him with when alive? For what you say concerning the Death of King *James*, you will become the Scorn of your own Party, for they never used it farther than they found it of Advantage to some Design they had

in hand; as when they would move the King to grant their Propositions, they made it serve for an Argument to him; if he would sign, he should be still their Gracious King, if not, he killed his Father: But when they found he would not be convinced with such Logick, they laid it utterly aside, for (without doubt) they had not lost an Advantage so useful as they might have made it in the Charge, had they not known it would have cost them more Impudence to maintain, than they should need to use in proceeding without it; but let us consider your Student's Might, with which you first say you are satisfied, and yet after have it as a Riddle. First, he was observed to hate the Duke, but instantly, upon the Death of King *James*, took him into his special Grace and Favour, of which you conceive this Art must be the Cause. Believe me, your Conjecture is contrary to all Experience, and the common Manner of Princes, who use to love the Treason, but hate the Traytor; and if he had been so politick a Tyrant, as you would describe him, he would never believe his Life safe, nor his Kingdom his own, while any Man lived, (much less his Enemy, whom such a King would never trust) of whose Gift and Secresy he

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held

held them both ; nor is it likely that he, who would not spare the Life of his Father to gain a Kingdom, should spare the Life of his Enemy to secure it. As for his dissolving the Parliament, I believe not only all Wise Men, but all that ever heard of this, will acquit him, whether he did it to avoid the Duke's Impeachment, you cannot prove, but if you could, you must consider, that in such Cases, Princes may as well protect their Favourites from Injury as Justice, since no Innocence can serve them, if they lie as open to the Question, as they do to the Envy of Men.

But for the better Satisfaction of those you appeal to, I shall add this : It is most certain that this Humour of Innovation began to stir in the first Parliament of this King, and grew to an Itch in the Commons for the Alteration of Government ; to which end, they first resolved to pull down the chief Instrument thereof, the Duke of *Buckingham* : But having then no *Scotch* Army, nor Act of Continuance to assure their Sitting, all the Wit of Malice could never invent more politick Course than to impeach him, and put this Article (true or false) into his Charge ;
for

for thus they were not only sure of the Affections of the People, who out of the common Fate of Favourites, generally hated the Duke, and are always pleased with the Ruin of their Superiors, but secured from the King's Interposition, whom they believed by this means bound up from protecting the Duke, (though he knew his Innocency) lest the Envy and Fancy of all should fall upon himself; but the King, who understood their Meaning, and knew this was but in order to their further Attempts, (which always begin with such Sacrifices) suddenly dissolved the Parliament, and by his Wisdom and Policy, kept that Calamity sixteen Years after from the People, which the very same Courses and Fate of these unhappy Times, have since brought upon them. But you have taken more Pains to prove him Guilty since his Death of the Rebellion in *Ireland*, altho' with as little Reason or Ingenuity, only you deal fairly in the beginning, and tell us what Judgment and Conscience we are to expect from you, when you say, as a Ground for all your Proofs; If you meet a Man running down Stairs with a bloody Sword in his Hand, and find a Man stabbed in the Chamber, tho' you did not see this Man run in-

to the Body by that Man which you met ; yet if you were of the Jury, you durst not but find him Guilty of the Murther, I hope not before you know whether the Man killed were sent by the King to fetch the Man you met, for then you may say it must be in his own Defence: Truly you are a subtil Enquirer, but let us hear some of the clear Proofs ; first, he durst never deny it absolutely ; besides the notorious Falshood of that, it is most senseless to imagine, that he who had Wickedness enough to commit so horrid an Act, should have the innocent Modesty not to deny it, when he durst not own it. He sent Thanks to *Muskerry* and *Plunket* by *Ormond*, which you are confident his height of Spirit would never have done, if he had not been as guilty as themselves ; and may not *Ormond*, that carried the Thanks, be by the same Reason as well proved guilty as the King ? What's next, If he had not been guilty, he would have made a thousand Declarations, and have sent to all Princes in the World for Assistance against such Hell-hounds, and Blood-hounds, &c. That was impossible to be done without sending to the Pope, and then you would have proved it clearly indeed. But the Copy of his Commission to the

Irish

Irish Rebels, is in the Hands of the Parliament. 'Tis most certain they never believed it themselves, else it had not been omitted in the Charge. But now for an Argument to the purpose; after the *Irish* were proclaimed Traytors and Rebels by the King, their General Council made an Oath to bear true and faithful Allegiance to King *Charles*, and by all means to maintain his Royal Prerogative against the Puritans in the Parliament of *England*, which they would never have done, unless he had commanded or consented to the Rebellion: But observe then what will follow; after the two Houses at *Westminster* were proclaimed Rebels and Traytors by the King, they made a solemn Covenant to defend his Royal Person, Rights and Dignities, against all Opposers whatsoever, and therefore by the same Reason he did command or consent to the War raised by the Parliament against himself. But did they not say they had his Commission, and call themselves the King and Queen's Armies? But then, you forgot who they were that said so, Hell-hounds, and Blood-hounds, Feinds and Fire-brands, and Bloody Devils, not to be named without Fire and Brimstone; do you think such are not to be believed, (especially when they speak
for

for their own Advantage) rather than the People of God, the faithful of the Land at *Westminster*, who likewise, when they raised Forces, said, they did it for the King and Parliament? Can any Man in his Wits deny but the King is to be believed before either of these? And yet you cannot be perswaded, but his Offer to go in Person to suppress the Rebellion, was a Design to return at the Head of 20 or 30000 Rebels to have destroyed this Nation; that's very strange! but first, how shall we believe what you say before, (to shew your Breeding?) Never was Bear so unwillingly brought to the Stake, as he was to declare against the Rebels, if he offered to adventure his Person to suppress them: When you have made this agree in Sense, let us know how you can suppose the same Person, the wisest King in Christendom, and yet so foolish to study his own Destruction; for who could suffer so much in the Ruin of this Nation as himself? For his hindering the Earl of *Leicester's* going into *Ireland*, he had much more Reason to do so, than the Parliament had to hinder him, and therefore you may as well conclude them guilty, as him, of the Rebellion.

That

That the sold or exchange'd for Arms and Ammunition the Cloath and Provisions sent by the Parliament to the Protestants in *Ireland*, you must either accuse the Parliament, which seiz'd upon his Arms first, and used them against him, or prove them above the Law of Nature, (which I believe you had rather do) that commands every Man to defend himself. But the Rebels in *Ireland* gave Letters of Mart for taking the Parliaments Ships, but freed the Kings as their very good Friends. I see you are not such a Wizard at Designs as you pretend to be; for if this be the deepest Reach of your Subtily, had you been a Senator in *Rome*, when *Hannibal* invaded *Italy*, and burnt all the Country of the *Roman* Dictator, you would have spared no longer to have proved him Confederate with the Enemy. But I fear I may seem as vain as your self in repeating your Impertinencies. There is one Argument that would have serv'd instead of all, to convince you of Wickedness and Folly in this Business, and that is the Silence of the Charge, which by your own Rule, ought to be taken (*pro confesso*) there was never any such thing.

I will not trouble my self nor any Body with your *French Legend*, as being too inconsiderable to deserve any serious Notice, built only upon Relations and Hear-says, and proved with your own Conjectures, which how far we are to credit from a Man of so much Byass and Mistakes, any of those you appeal to, shall determine, to whom I shall say but this, that you do but acknowledge the Injustice of the Sentence, while you strove to make it good with such Additions; for if you had not believed it very bad, you would never have taken so much Pains to mend it: And I hope your High Court will punish you for it, whose Reputation your officious Indiscretion hath much impaired to no purpose: For tho' we should grant all your Additions to be true, as you would have it, it does not at all justify the King's Death, since he did not Die in Relation to any thing there objected; and all you can possibly aim at by this pitiful Argument, is but to prove him guilty, because he was punished; for you can never prove him punished, because he was guilty.

For your Epilogue, I have so much Charity to believe it, being of a different

rent Thread of Language, none of your own; but either penn'd for you by your Musty *Peeters*, or else you writ Short-hand very well to copy after the Speech of his Tongue. However you came by it, sure I am it could come from no Body else; and having said so, I hope I shall need to say no more; for I shall be loath to commit the Sin of repeating any of it: But since 'tis but a Frippery of common places of Pulpit-Railing, ill put together, that pretend only to Passion, I am content you should use them your self, and be allowed to say any thing with as little regard, as if you wore your Priviledge: Yet lest you should grow so conceited as to believe your self, I will take *Solomon's* Advice, and answer you not in your own way of Railing or Fallshood, but in doing some Right to Truth and the Memory of the Dead, which you have equally injured.

The Character of the Royal Martyr King Charles I. By Mr. Buttler.

THAT he was a Prince of incomparable Vertues, his very Enemies cannot deny, (only they were not for their purpose) and those so unblemish'd with any personal Vice, that they were fain to abuse the Security of his Innocence, both to accuse and ruin him. His Moderation (which he preserved equal in the Extremity of both Fortunes) they made a common Disguise for their contrary Impalations, as they had occasion to miscall it, either an Easiness to be insidled by others, or Obstinacy to rule by his own Will. This Temper of his was so admirable, that neither the highest of Temptations, Adoration, and Flattery, nor the lowest of Misery, Injuries, the Insolency of Fools, could move him. His Constancy to his own Vertues, was no mean Cause of his undoing: for if he had not stated the
Prin-

Principles of Government upon unalterable Right, but could have shifted his Sails to catch the popular Air when it grew high, (as his Enemies did) they had never undone him with empty Pretendings to what he really meant. His Wisdom and Knowledge were of so Noble a Capacity, that nothing lay so much out of his reach as the profound Wickedness of his Enemies, which his own Goodness would neither give him Leave to suspect, nor his Experience Power to discover; for they managed the whole Course of his Ruin, as they did the last Act of it, in Disguise; else so great a Wit as his had never been circumvented by the Treachery and Cheat, rather than Policy, of ignorant Persons. All he wanted of a King, was, he knew not how to dissemble, unless concealing his own Perfections were so; in which he only deceived his People, who never understood his great Abilities, till their Sins were punished with the Loss of him. In his Death, he not only out-did the high Resolutions of the ancient Romans, but the humble Patience of the primitive Martyrs; so far from the Manners of Tyrants, who use to wish all the World their Funeral Pile, that he employed the Care of his last Thoughts about the Safety of his very Enemies, and died not only consulting, but praying for the

Preservation of those whom he knew resolved to have none, but what was built upon their own Destruction.

All this, and much more, the Justice of Posterity (when Faction and Concernment are removed) will acknowledge to be more true of him, than any of those Slanders you (or the mad Wickedness of this Age) have thrown upon his Memory, which shall then, like Dung cast at the Roots of Trees, but make his Name more flourishing and glorious; when all those Monuments of Infamy you have raised, shall become the Trophies of his Vertue, and your own Shame. In the mean time, as your own Conscience, or the Expectation of Divine Vengeance, shall call upon you, you will see what you have done, and find there is no Murder so horrid as that which is committed with the Sword of Justice; nor any Injustice so notorious as that which takes Advantage both of the first Silence of the Living, and that of the Dead: In this last, you have been very sinful, and in accusing the Dead, have not behaved your self so like a Saint at the Day of Judgment, as the Devil, whose Office is to be Solicitor-General in such Cases. I will not judge you,

left

lest I shou'd do worse, imitate you: But certainly you will find it the worst kind of Witchcraft, to raise the Devil by sacrificing to your own Malice, especially to so bad a purpose as you have done, that you might invade the Judgment-Seat of Christ, and usurp his Jurisdiction before his Coming, which you have presumed to do with more Rudeness than *Hackett* used, and less Formality in not sending your Fore-runner to proclaim (in a Turnip-Cart) your coming to Judgment. But the worst of all is, you seem to glory in your Sins, and assert the Martyrdom of your Wickedness for having supposed a Possibility you may fall by the Hands of Violence: You arm your self with a forc'd Resolution, which you may be confident you will never have need of, for you have no Reason to think any Man can believe you have deserved a violent Death; no, you have deserved rather to live long, so long, 'till you see your self become the Controversie of wild Beasts, and be fain to prove our Scare-crow. Unless you shall think it just, as you have been condemned out of your own Mouth, so you should fall by your own Hand. Indeed there was not Hang-man bad enough for *Judas*, but himself, and when you shall think fit to do
your

your self so much Right, you shall be your own Sooth-sayer, and fall by the Hand of a *Raviliack*, to whom with more Likeness compare your self, than to *Henry* the Fourth, for you are no King. What *Raviliack* was, is very well known; what you are, I leave to your own Conscience.

FINIS.

The True
PRESBYTERIAN
Without Disguise :
OR, A
CHARACTER
OF A
Presbyterian's Ways and Actions.

By Sir John Denham, Knight.

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THE
CHARACTER
OF A
PRESBYTERIAN.

A *Presbyter* is such a monstrous thing,
That loves Democracy, and hates a King,
For Royal Issue, never making Prayers,
Since Kingdoms (as he thinks) should have no
Heirs ;
But stand Elective, that the Holy Crew
May (when their Zeal transports them) chuse
a New :
And is so strongly grounded in Belief,
That Antichrist his Coming will be brief,
As he dares swear (if he dares swear at all)
The *Quakers* are ordain'd to make him fall :
S From

From whence he grows impatient, and he says,
 The wisest Counsels are but fond Delays,
 To hold him ling'ring in deluding Hope,
 Else long e're this he had subdu'd the *Pope*.

A *Presbyter* is he, whose Heart doth hate
 The Man (how good foe're) advanc'd in State;
 And finding his Disease a Leprosie,
 Doth judge, that all in Court *Gebezi's* be,
 Whilst he himself in Bribery is lost,
 And Lyes for Gain unto the Holy Ghost:
 When tho' in shew he seems a grave *Tobias*,
 He is within a very *Ananias*.

The Lay-profane Name (*Lord*) he hates, and
 says,

It is th' approaching Sign of the last Days,
 For Church-men to be stiled so; nay, more,
 'Tis Usher to the *Babylonian Whore*.

The Bishops Habits, with the Tip and Rochets,
 Beget in him such Fancies and such Crochets,
 That

That he believes it is a thing as evil
To look on them, as to behold the Devil.
And for the Government Episcopal,
That he condemns to be the worst of all,
Because the primeſt Times did ſuffer no Man
To exalt himſelf, for all was held in common:
Yet 'tis moſt ſtrange, when he is moſt Zeal-fiſt,
Nothing can cure him, but a Biſhoprick,
Where once inveſted, proves without all ſcope,
Inſulting, boundleſs, more than any Pope.

A *Preſbyter* is he, that's never known
To think on any Good, beſides his own;
And all his Doctrine is of Hope and Faith,
For Charity, 'tis *Papery*, he ſaith:
And is not only ſilent in good Works,
But in his Practice too, reſemble *Tinks*.
The Churches Ornaments, the Ring of Bells,
(Can he get Pow'r) 'tis ten to one he ſells;

For his well tuned Ears cannot abide
A jangling Noise, but when his Neighbours
chide.

A *Presbyter* is he, that never prays,
But all the World must hear him what he says;
And in that Fashion too, that all may see
He is an open Modern Pharisee.
'The Name of *Sabbath* still he keeps, ('tis true)
But so he is less *Christian*, more a *Jew*;
Nor settled Form of Prayer his Zeal will keep,
But preacheth all his purer Flock asleep:
To study what to say, where for to doubt
Of a presumed Grace to hold him out;
And to be learned, is too Human thought;
'The Apostles all (he says) were Men untaught.
And thus he proves it for the best to be
A simple Teacher of Divinity.
The Reverence which Ceremony brings
into the Sacred Church, his Conscience stings,

Which

Which is so void of Grace, and so ill bent,
That kneel he will not at the Sacrament ;
But sits more like a Judge, than like a Sinner,
And takes it just as he receives his Dinner.
Thus do his faucy Postures speak his Sin,
For as without, such is his Heart within.

A Presbyter is he, who doth defame
Those Reverend Ancestors from whence he
came,
And like a Graceless Child, above all other,
Denies Respect unto the Church, his Mother ;
His Fellow Protestants he scorn, as Men
Not fav'd, because they are not Brethren :
And lest his Doctrine should be counted new,
He wears an ancient Beard to make it true.

A Presbyter is he, that thinks his place
At every Table is to say the Grace ;
When the good Man, or when his Child hath
paid,

And

And Thanks to God for King and Realm hath
said,

He then starts up, and thinks his self a Debter
Till he doth cry, I pray you thank God better:
When long he prays for every living thing,
But for the Catholick Church, and for the King.

A *Presbyter* is he, would wond'rous fain
Be call'd Disciple by the Holy Train;
Which to be worthy of, he'll stray and err,
Ten Miles to hear a silenc'd Minister.
He loves a Vesper Sermon, hates a Mattin,
As he detests the Fathers nam'd in *Latin*.
And as he *Friday Sunday* makes in Diet,
Because the King, and Canons do deny it,
The self same Nature makes him to repair
To Week-day Lectures, more than *Sundays*
Prayer.

And as the Man must needs in all things err,
He starves his Parson, crams his Lecturer.

A *Presbyter* is he, whose Heart is bent
To cross the King's Designs in Parliament,
Where, whilst the place of Burgeſs he doth bear,
He thinks he owes but ſmall Allegiance there;
But ſtands at diſtance, as ſome higher thing,
Like a *Licurgus*, or a kind of King.

Then as in errant Times bold Knights were
wont

To ſeek out Monſters, and Adventures hunt;
So with his Wit and Valour, he doth try
How the Prerogative he may deſy:

This he attempts, and firſt he fain would know
If that the Sovereign Power be new, or no:
Or if it were not fitter Kings ſhould be
Confin'd unto a limited Degree;

And for his part, likes a Plebeian State,
Where the poor Mechanicks may ſtill debate
All Matters at their Pleaſure, not confin'd
To this or that, but as they Cauſe do find;

When

When tho' that every Voice against him go,
He'll slay the Giant with his single (No.)
He in his Heart, tho' at a poor Expence,
Abhors a Gift that's call'd Benevolence;
For as his Mind, so is his Bounty bent,
And still unto the King malevolent.
He is the States-man, just enough precise,
The nearest Government to scandalize;
Nor like a Drunkard, when he doth expose
In secret underneath the silent Rose.
To use his Freedom, when the Pot might bear
The Faults which closely he committed there;
But *Shimei*-like, to all the Men he meets,
He spews his frantick Venom in the Streets:
And tho' he says the Spirit moves him to it,
The Devil is that Spirit made him do it.

A *Presbyter* is he, (else there is none)
That thinks the King will change Religion:

His

His doubtful Thought, like to his Moon-blind
Eyes,

Makes the Beast start at every Shape he spies;

And what his fond mistaken Fancy breed,

He doth believe as firmly as the *Creed*;

From whence he doth proclaim a *Fast* to all,

That he allows to be Canonical:

And then he consecrates a secret Room,

Where none but the elected *Sisters* come;

When being met, doth *Treason* boldly teach,

And will not *Fast* and *Pray*, but *Fast* and *Preach*.

Then strains a *Text*, whereon he may relate

The Church's Danger, Discontent of State;

And hold them there so long in *Fear* and *Doubt*,

That some do think 'tis *Danger* to go out,

Believing, if they hear the cieling Crack,

The *Bishops* are behind them at their *Back*;

And so they sit bewailing one another,

Each groaning *Sister* howling to her *Brother*.

A *Presbyter* is he, has *Womens Fears*,

T

And

And yet will set the whole World by the Ears :
He'll rail in publick, if the King deny
To let the Quarrel of the *Spaniard* die ;
He stormsto hear in *France* the Wars should cease,
And that by Treaty, there should be Peace :
For sure (saith he) the Church doth Honour want,
When 'tis not truly called Militant ;
And in plain Truth, as far as I can find,
He bears the self-same Treasonable Mind
As doth the *Jesuit* ; for tho' they be
Tongue-Enemies in shew, their Hearts agree ;
And both professed Foes alike, consent,
Both to betray the Anointed Innocent ;
For tho' their Manners differ, yet they aim
That either may the King or Kingdom maim :
The Difference is this way understood,
One in Sedition, t'other deals in Blood.
Their Characters abridg'd, if you will have,
Each seems a Saint, yet either proves a Knave.

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